

# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY  
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke

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## THE CHEERFUL LETTER

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### CHRISTMAS EVE

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The Everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still  
The dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin and enter in;  
Be born in us today!  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great, glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Immanuel!

—Phillips Brooks.

### THE RANK AND FILE

*After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also  
and sent them. LUKE x, 1.*

THE message of our Christian faith cannot be  
written in a book. It must be embodied in a life.  
It was so in the beginning, is now and ever shall  
be. "As the Father hath sent me, I send you,"  
Jesus said. He sent twelve, and then seventy,  
and then three thousand, and then other thou-  
sands, into every section of human interest  
whither he himself would come.

Let me study with you the significance of the  
sending out of the other seventy disciples who  
were not commissioned officers in the army of the  
Lord—they simply made up the rank and file.  
They were quiet, obscure men—not one of them  
is known to us by name. The names of the  
twelve Apostles are known everywhere. But  
none of you can give the name of any one of the  
other seventy. They are the almost unknown  
men whom Christ sends forth. They never do  
anything conspicuous. They never get into the  
newspapers or into history. But they go about  
doing good, and their names, Jesus says, are  
written in heaven.

The hope of the race is bound up with the  
service of those inconspicuous, untitled Chris-  
tians, here represented by the other seventy  
Jesus sent forth.

Notice also the method of their going. They  
went "two and two" for companionship and  
mutual counsel. The whole method of our  
Christian undertaking is social, not solitary.  
Two and two; it may be that husband and wife  
went together. We may be sure that among the  
seventy there were women. We know that the  
last Christians to leave the Cross on that first  
Good Friday, and the first Christians to reach  
the empty tomb on that first Easter morning,  
were women.

They had a definite purpose; they let nothing

distract or delay them. They went straight along about their august business, that they might bring peace to every house and heart.

They went as the forerunners and accredited representatives of the Christian mode of life. They could not speak as Jesus did, who spoke as never man spake, but they could tell something of the glad tidings he had brought. They embodied some measure of his spirit in their bearing. He sent them, as he sends us, to show the waiting world all we can of his truth and love; to someone you will be the best sample of Christian life he will ever be privileged to know intimately. It imposes a tremendous responsibility, but it is the method of the Master—"As the Father hath sent me, I send you."

This was their message—into whatsoever city or town they came, they were to say, "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you." The kingdom of God means the sway and rule of the divine spirit. By the subtle, irresistible power of spiritual contagion it would be communicated.

What tremendous significance Jesus attached to the service of those plain people! We cannot all be major generals. You never heard of a battle being won where the commissioned officers did all the fighting. The same method holds in the war against evil. If this world is ever won to Christ, it will result mainly from the fact that the rank and file have kept step, marched close, fought bravely, until evil is trampled in the dust. By plain, everyday Christian conduct in the shop and in the store, in the school and in the home, these varied forms of interest shall at last become kingdoms of our Lord.—*Rev. Charles Reynolds Brown in The Quest of Life, reprinted by permission of The Pilgrim Press.*

#### SOME DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

DECEMBER 9, 1608, was the birthday of one of the most famous of all English writers, John Milton. At the time when our Pilgrim Fathers crossed the Atlantic and made their landing on our Massachusetts coast,—December 21, 1620,—he was only a schoolboy working hard at the study of Greek and Latin; but before many years there were stormy times in England's public affairs—terrible struggles over political disagreements and religious differences, civil war, the temporary overthrow of the monarchy. Milton's profound scholarship and his gift for writing made him a person of great influence during the time of the Commonwealth. In later years his political party lost power, and he personally became blind; but it was during the time of misfortune that he wrote his most celebrated masterpiece, the poem known as "Paradise Lost." It tells, in wonderfully stately and splendid blank verse, the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden.

DECEMBER 17, 1807, was the birthday of an American poet who also wrote during times of terrible strife over political and moral problems—John Greenleaf Whittier. The best known of his poems of our Civil War is probably "Barbara Frietchie," making North and South both thrive with admiration for the high-spirited courage of the old woman and the stern sense of honor in the Confederate General, Stonewall Jackson. Probably the one of all his poems which is thought the finest is "Snowbound," a word-picture of plain country life one hundred years ago in a New England farmhouse, during a long snowstorm. Some readers feel that the verses on "The Barefoot Boy" are best of all, because of their affectionate understanding of country childhood.

DECEMBER 18, 1708, Charles Wesley was born in England. He and his famous brother John both devoted their lives to religious work, but Charles is the better known today because of his gift for writing hymns that people love to sing. A great many of these are found now in the hymn books of different denominations—valued as familiar old friends. Some of the greatest favorites are "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "Love Divine, All Loves Excelling," "A Charge to Keep I Have," and "Soldiers of Christ, Arise!"

#### SOUGHT AND FOUND BY RADIO

*The Youth's Companion* copies from a paper devoted to Radio affairs an account of what has recently been done in Ohio with a homemade outfit. The boy who owned the outfit had a sister—somewhere: he did not know where. The child had, several years before, been separated from the rest of the family, and could not be located, although lawyers and detective agencies had tried their utmost to help.

One evening, so the story goes, this boy conceived the idea of broadcasting a call, describing his lost sister and inquiring for her. The powerful amateur station 8ZL sent out his call in the continental Morse code and hundreds of other amateurs relayed it.

Night after night, the boy sat at his receiving set, listening for an encouraging reply. Week passed. His task had begun to seem hopeless, when one evening the faint call 8KV, his own registered call signal, came from an amateur in Ohio. Following the call came some words that were hardly discernible, but among them the boy was able to distinguish "your sister."

Late the same night, when there was less local interference in the air, he got into communication with the other station and learned that a young girl answering the description of his sister was living at the house of a farmer in a certain



county. The amateur added that he had been trying for the past two weeks to get the information across. To the surprise and joy of the boy and his mother, the report proved to be correct; the mother recognized her lost daughter.

### THE VILLAGE MINISTER

[These beautiful and deservedly famous verses about a country parson were doubtless based on an affectionate memory in the poet's heart. The description fits many faithful clergymen today. Notes on Goldsmith himself were printed last month under the Birthdays.]

A MAN he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.

Unpractised he to fawn or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train—  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
Claimed kindred there and had his claims allowed;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by the fire and talked the night away,  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave e'er charity began.  
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he felt and prayed for all;  
And as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

—*Oliver Goldsmith in The Deserted Village.*

A vicar in England visited a widow, seventy-five years old, who had had ten children, all of whom except one daughter had married and left her. Now this daughter also was about to be married. "Well, Mrs. Higgins," he said, "you must feel lonely now after having had so large a family." "Yes, sir," she said, "I do feel it lonesome. I've brought up a large family, and here I am living alone. An' I misses 'em an' I wants 'em, but I misses 'em more than I wants 'em."

### THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

#### SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

*It is necessary that letters be written with ink.*

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

#### OFFERS

The following books are offered through the Branch at Montclair, New Jersey. Please make applications to Mrs. F. C. Brush, 29 High Street, Montclair, New Jersey.

Churches and Castles of Medieval France. By Walter C. Larned

History of England from the Accession of James II (2 vols.). By T. B. Macaulay

The Russian People. By Maurice Baring

Manual of the Fine Arts. By D. Huntington

Memories of Old Salem (Mass.). By Mary H. Northend

My Adventures as a German Secret Agent. By Von der Galtz

A Labrador Doctor (autobiography). By Wilfred T. Grenfell

By Leafy Ways (brief studies of nature). By Francis A. Knight

The Quest of Happiness. By Newell Dwight Hillis

New Fragments (essays). By John Tyndall

Impressions and Comments, 1914-1920. By Havelock Ellis

Reminiscences of Froebel. By Baroness von Marenholz-Bülów

Year-Book of English Authors. Compiled by Ida S. Taylor

How to Know Browning. By William Lyon Phelps

Reminiscences (vol. 1). By Carl Schurz

Spanish Highways and Byways. By Katharine Lee Bates

New Italy. By Helen Zimmern and Antonio Agresti

Among the Moths and Butterflies. By Julia P. Ballard

Introduction to American Literature. By Brander Matthews

Elementary History of Our Country. By Eva March Tappan

Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Samuel McC. Crothers

Atlantic Year Book (extracts from the *Atlantic Monthly*)

History of the Plague in London (1665). By Daniel Defoe

Wilderness Ways. By William J. Long

The Story of John Travers Cornwell. By Jack Cornwell

Endymion. By Earl Beaconsfield

Valentino (an historical romance of Italy in the 16th century). By William Waldorf Astor

A Fool's Errand. By Mrs. Victor Rickard

The Devil's Garden. By W. B. Maxwell

The Chippendales. By Robert Grant

The House of Martha. By Frank Stockton

The Heavenly Twins. By Sarah Grand

The Little House. By Coningsby Dawson

The Swindler. By Ethel M. Dell

The Head of the House of Coombe. By Frances H. Burnett

The Daughter Pays. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

The Wire Devils. By Frank L. Packard

Peter Jameson. By Gilbert Frankau

The Boss. By Alfred Henry Lewis

Java Head. By Joseph Hergesheimer

Conrad in Quest of His Youth. By Leonard Merrick

The Young Enchanted. By Hugh Walpole

For to Seek. By Maud Diver

Further Adventures of Jimmie Dale. By Packard

The Teller. By Edward Noyes Westcott

Uncle Jack's Executors. By Annette L. Noble

The Wheels of Time. By Florence L. Barclay

Diary of a Goose-Girl. By Kate Douglas Wiggin

Edges (a story). By Alice Woods

The Pot upon the Wheel. By Patience Worth

## REQUESTS

1. I have been a member of the Cheerful Letter Society nearly twenty-five years, and many sad changes have taken place in that time; still I have been spared, and although a cripple I enjoy very good health and am able to keep house and care

for my mother, who was ninety-six years old the seventh of October. She and I live alone. I will be seventy-three next February, but I'm not one bit *old*. I read, sew, piece quilts, and do almost anything that my younger friends do. I have a few chickens, a small vegetable garden and ever so many flowers. I do wish I could send each of you a bunch of rosebuds or some full-blown dahlias. They are so pretty now, and I think it such a pity for Jack Frost to get any of them. Thank you, every one, for past favors. I would be glad of a real shower of reading matter for the winter, and any odds-and-ends for quilts or fancywork. Love for every *Cheerful Letter* friend. (Mrs.) H. C. Martin, Vinton, Virginia, Box 71.

2. Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, 3216 East Market Street, Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, will be grateful for copies of the *Pathfinder*, the *Independent*, and the *Living Age*. He has one son in the high school and another in the grammar school. Both are great readers and of an inquiring mind. They are interested in science and invention, and Mr. Wilson would be glad to receive stray copies of magazines devoted to such subjects, as well as any textbooks that the boys might use as a sort of parallel reading.

3. I would like the *Home Companion* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. I wish to thank the ones who sent me magazines in the spring. (Mrs.) Ada Standridge, Ben Hur, Arkansas.

4. Mrs. Earle A. Davis, Granbury, Texas, asks for a Bible.

5. Mrs. Mamie L. Bright, Athens, Tennessee, Route 1, a young housekeeper, will be glad to receive reading matter and quilt scraps.

6. Mrs. Lina Eastridge, Warrensville, North Carolina, a widow and a shut-in, would appreciate a dictionary and books by Washington Irving or Ella Wheeler Wilcox, for her grandchildren.

7. Murray L. Bryant, Dodson, Virginia, R. F. D., a nine-year-old lad, would like to receive cards and suitable reading.

8. Mrs. Ellen Brubaker, Calloway, Virginia, who has not been well for some time, will be grateful for quilt pieces.

9. As it has pleased my Heavenly Father to spare my life through another year, I wish to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for every kindness shown me. I thank everyone who has remembered me in any way. May our Father bless you tenfold for all you have done. New



that the long, cold, and lonely winter is almost upon us again, I hope you will continue to remember me. I will be glad of any book or magazine when they have been read, for myself or my seventeen-year-old boy and ten-year-old girl. I hope to be remembered at Christmas; we live so far back from any towns or anything to make Christmas pleasant for children. Our mail is the most we have to cheer us through the cold winter. (Mrs.) Beulah Moore, Campbell, North Carolina, Route 1.

10. It has been some time since I wrote to the *Cheerful Letter* friends; but I have come again to thank everyone for the past. As winter is drawing near, I would appreciate bits of embroidery thread to work my crazy-quilt with. I would love to receive letters from lady friends; will answer all that I can. (Mrs.) W. R. Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, Route 1.

11. My mother, who lives with me, will be eighty-eight years old on the fifteenth of January. I would like some knitting cotton or anything for employment for her. I would appreciate any magazines for myself. (Mrs.) Bettie Hundley, Stuart, Virginia.

12. Miss Jettie D. Taylor, Pellyton, Kentucky, a girl of sixteen, living twenty-five miles from the railroad with no access to any library, will be very grateful for suitable reading. She has four brothers: one (Gordon) eighteen, one fourteen, and twins who are six; also one sister (Mary) three years old.

13. G. E. Hazelgrove, Paytes, Virginia, asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal* or other reading.

14. Mrs. Guy Eller, Clifton, North Carolina, will be glad to receive any magazines.

15. Mrs. Florence M. Little, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 263, reports that her *Cheerful Letter* is left at the wrong address. Will the person who is sending it please note the correct address?

16. Miss Laura B. Ingram, Henry, Virginia, Route 2, Box 45, asks for scraps for quilts.

17. Mrs. Esther Holloman, 305 Dudley Street, Greensboro, North Carolina, asks for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Youth's Companion*, or some magazine about animals.

18. I wish to thank each one who has been so kind to me. I would be so glad if someone would be kind enough to send me "Riders of the Purple Sage" by Zane Grey, and "Pollyanna Grown Up." (Miss) Viola Smith, Halifax, North Carolina, Route 2, Box 20.

19. Miss Laura Jefferson, Elamsville, Virginia, asks for *Needlecraft* and for a Testament in large print.

20. Mrs. Bennett Lewis, Athens, Texas, asks for Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Tales of a Wayside Inn* for school use.

### THREE MEALS A DAY

"Oh, dear me!" groaned Nell. "Almost time to drop everything I'm interested in and get things ready for supper. It does seem as if life were just one awful succession of meals that have to be prepared, eaten and then cleared away—only to get ready for another! Yes, I know I'm talking just like the discontented pendulum, grandma, and that all I need to think about is the one meal that's coming next; but didn't you ever feel that way yourself?"

Grandma smiled serenely over her knitting. "I was a housekeeper for nearly fifty years, my dear."

"Against my two-and-a-half," said Nell. "And, knowing you, I can imagine that in all the fifty years you didn't kick so much against the pricks of housekeeping as I have done in my two-and-a-half years."

Grandma smiled again. "Not quite that, my dear, though I thank you for the compliment. When I was a girl I think we were taught to accept the duties of life a little more serenely than folks do now, and doing that made them easier to accomplish. But I had some feelings about those three meals just the same. I don't believe there was ever a housekeeper who didn't. Even your friend Mrs. Gaylord, who does nothing but order those three meals, groans over them almost as much as you do."

"Grandma, you are such a comfort!" Nell stooped to kiss the withered cheek. "I'm almost tempted to ask you why the Lord could n't have arranged for us to manage on one meal a day, perhaps by stoking-up ahead, the way some animals do."

Grandma smiled. "I'll admit that long years before you were born I had wondered about the matter myself. But I don't wonder now. Probably there are a great many answers. I don't believe the Lord has just one reason for many of the things that He does, any more than we have for the things we do."

"Why, grandmother," exclaimed Nell. "What a funny thing to say! But what is the reason (or one of the reasons) for the three meals?"

"It's what I should call the Lord's reason for the housemother," replied grandma. "It came to me when my family were growing up and when the three-meal burden seemed heaviest. Your grandfather was a very busy man, and my

children were of widely different ages. One day I suddenly realized that almost the only time we ever got together as a family, when nobody else was too much occupied with something else to talk with the rest, was at meal time. And I thanked the Lord right then and there that He had n't made us so that we could go with one meal a day or quietly stoke-up, as you call it. For those recurring three meals a day did more to keep us a united family than any other one thing. Eating is a homely necessity, dearie, but those homely things may at bottom be the home-making things."—*The Youth's Companion*.

### BODILY ACCOMPLISHMENTS

It is an art to walk, a greater one to run. There are, I think, only three necessary injunctions for walking. The first is to hold the body erect and free. The second is to walk from the hips rather than from the knees. The third is to walk on the ball of the foot, touching heel to earth only when resting. In this way one can breathe freely, can swing over long distances easily. To one who learns the trick, walking becomes a keen pleasure, and one can cover ordinary distances, twenty or thirty miles, let us say, without undue fatigue.

Nearly all boys run, sometimes for the fun of it, but generally to get there. Both objects are good. All the boys need is a hint about easy breathing, about keeping the body itself fairly quiet, about running from the hips, and landing always on the ball of the foot. Easy running is really a series of graceful springs, and the test of it is, whether one can keep it up for some distance without getting either tired or out of breath.

With climbing and jumping, one must learn the trick when young, or never; and both are worth learning. One may never have to climb a tree or shinny up a waterspout, or creep along the roof of a burning house, but the ability to do such things means power to do the things that will be needed. In climbing, it is well to begin with an old and many-branched tree, where the foothold is reasonably secure, and the boy may cultivate a steady head as well as obedient muscles. When he has gained some confidence, the task may properly be made more difficult. In the end, he ought to be able to climb a straight pole—not greased, perhaps, but devoid of any appreciable footholds. Climbing brings every muscle of the body into play,—one must learn both when to cling and when to let go,—and the boy must be all there in mind as well as body.

It is a good plan to combine jumping with climbing,—to let a boy drop from branches of varying height and learn to land on his feet. Boys can easily be taught to leap a fence,—right-

hand, left-hand, between-hands,—and to leap unaided over smaller obstacles.

A boy who cannot harness a horse properly and drive him with reasonable skill will often be put to inconvenience and may easily be less useful than he could have wished. At some time or other all of us who lead active lives are called upon to drive a horse. It looks very simple, but it is hardly safe unless we have been taught how, and have also been taught to look over both harness and running-gear and to know whether all is sound and in good order. In spite of the keen competition of the automobile, the horse still holds his own. The knowledge of how to care for a horse, how to saddle and harness him, how to ride and drive him is still a useful accomplishment.—*C. Hanford Henderson in What Is It to Be Educated*, reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

### CHRISTMAS IN THE YEAR ONE

[This is a part of a book called *When the King Came*, written by the Rev. George Hodges. The publishers of the book, Houghton Mifflin Company, allow it to be reprinted here for the children who read the *Cheerful Letter*.]

ONCE upon a time there was a Year One. Strangely enough, it was not the beginning of the years. The world was already very old—nobody knows how old. People had been living on the earth, time out of mind, fighting great battles and building great cities. But somehow everything seemed to begin over again that year, because that was when the King came. And we have taken it ever since as the most important of all dates. When we say that this present year is nineteen-hundred-and-something, we mean that the Year One was just so many years ago.

It is always to be remembered about that year that one of its days was Christmas Day.

You may not think that strange. Christmas comes so regularly every year, like apples in autumn and snow in winter, that it seems to belong to the order of nature, and one may easily imagine that it has been celebrated always. But the truth is that there was never any Christmas until the Year One.

Year after year, and year after year, the ever-green trees grew in the woods and nobody came to get them. Nobody thought of lighting them up with candles or loading them down with candies. The twenty-fifth day of December came and went like the twenty-second and the twenty-ninth; and boys and girls grew up into men and women with never a Christmas carol nor a Christmas tree nor a Christmas gift and without having so much as heard of the singing angels or the Holy Child; because that was before the King came.



One cold night there were shepherds in a pasture close by the town of Bethlehem, watching their flocks. It was in the winter, and the stars were shining and all was still, and in the fields the flocks were sleeping while the shepherds watched. We may guess that, as they watched, they talked together and told one another stories: especially about David, who, when he was a boy, had lived at Bethlehem and had lain out many a night in that frosty pasture with his sheep, and once had killed a lion and a bear. The lion and the bear had come to get the sheep, and young David had fought with them and killed them. And they sang the Shepherd Psalm—"The Lord is my shepherd." And they spoke of the King of Glory,—how he would sometime come according to the promise; and they wondered how he would look and what he would do when he came. Then, as they watched and talked and sang, something happened.

All at once a great and wonderful light began to shine, brighter and brighter in the sky, till the night was like the day. All the clouds came out in the splendid garments which they wear in the early morning and in the late afternoon. And out of the central shining appeared an angel of the Lord, gleaming like a flame of fire. The shepherds fell upon their faces, not daring to look up, hardly daring to listen or to breathe, while the angel spoke. "Fear not," he said, "for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. The King has come! Tonight he is born, yonder in Bethlehem. There shall you find him sleeping in a manger."

And then the sky grew brighter still, as if behind the clouds the gates of heaven itself were swinging open, and out there came angels upon angels, a multitude of the heavenly host, shining and singing. This is what they sang:

*Glorry to God in the highest  
And on earth peace,  
Good will towards men!*

Then the chorus ceased; and the night was dark and still again; and the shepherds were alone.

So up they leaped, crying to one another with great joy, "Let us go to Bethlehem and see! Let us find the King!" And off they went down the frosty road, their eager feet making a great noise in the silent night and their breath white behind them.

All that day travelers had been journeying along the ways which led to Bethlehem. Cæsar Augustus, emperor of Rome, wished to know how many people were living in that part of the country, so that he could make them all pay taxes. Every man had to go to the place in which his family belonged. Out of Nazareth came Joseph the carpenter—because he was of the family of David—and Mary with him. Down they came, like other poor folk, over hill

and dale, till they arrived at Bethlehem. But when they reached the town every house was full of guests and the inn was crowded; the only shelter was a stable, strewn with hay, with dusty cobwebs hanging from the rafters, and occupied by cows and donkeys. There they went.

And there, while the angels sang and the sky blazed over the pastures of the sheep, the King came! And, behold, he was a little child. And Mary wrapped him in swaddling clothes, as the way is with babies, and laid him in the manger.

There the shepherds found them—Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And they told what they had seen and heard,—about the singing angels and the King of Glory. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the wonders of that night. Thus was kept the first Christmas, with carols by the choir of heaven.

### THE AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Corner to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

A man has a wife and three children. How many apples would he need to go the rounds, divided as follows:

First he gives half of what he has to his wife and then half of an apple; next he gives half of what he has left to the oldest and half of an apple; then he gives half of what he has left to the next, and half of an apple; then he gives half of what he has left to the next and half of an apple. And then he has half an apple left for himself.

#### OCTAGON

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#### Cross-Words

1. Suitable.
2. A working garment.
3. To talk idly.
4. Carried.
5. A masculine nickname.

—(From *St. Nicholas*.)

#### HALF SQUARE

1. A city in Lorraine.
2. A Latin pronoun.
3. A preposition.
4. A consonant.

#### DIAGONAL

All are words of seven letters. The diagonal from upper left to lower right spells the name of an American journalist and statesman. 1. A county in western New York. 2. A county of Rhode Island. 3. An island in the north Atlantic, belonging to Denmark. 4. A mountain on the border of Lake Champlain. 5. A cape and bay of Florida. 6. A river of Florida, cele-

brated in song. 7. A river, town and county of Texas.—(From *The American Boy*.)

army is not only beaten, but destroyed. I embrace you."

*Answers to puzzles in the November number*

ENIGMA (*Napoleon's message*): "I have beaten the Russian and Austrian armies commanded by the two emperors. I am a little tired. . . . I go to sleep for two or three hours. The Russian

BEHEADINGS: 1. Frigid—rigid. 2. Beagle—eagle. 3. Roral—oral. 4. Abasement—basement. 5. Drabble—rabble. 6. Harbor—arbor. 7. Flute—lute. 8. Callow—allow. 9. Caster—aster.

## THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

### ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters, and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

### WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.*, also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.*, should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions directly under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music and letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and eighteen libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

### *Notice to those who give:—*

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

### *To those who receive:—*

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.